Strephon's Complaint.

Tune---*Farewell ye green fields*, &c.

FAREWELL to the meads and the fields,
Where late ſo delighted I rov'd!
Farewell all the ſweets Nature yields;
I've loſt the dear Charmer I lov'd!
Farewell the delights of the ſpring,
In beauty and health ever new;
No more in your praiſe ſhall I ſing,
For Strephon thus bids you adieu!

For ever farewell to the ſhade,
Where to Delia I tender'd my love;
For ever farewell to the glade,
Where ſhe did my paſſion approve!
Farewell to the hill and the dale,
To the grot, and each paſtoral view;
Your charms can no longer prevail,
And Strephon thus bids you adieu!

No more, in the morning ſo gay,
Shall Strephon trip over the lawn;
No more ſing his carols to May,
Or rejoice in th' approach of the dawn;
For Delia, alas! is no more——
My Delia, ſo conſtant and true!
Her loſs I ſhall ever deplore——
For ever, for ever adieu!

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.